LET'S SEE YOUR HAND!

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If I decide to play the market—which I won't—I'll follow the leader after this number, and do as he does. He may not make an awful lot of money—but he can pretty near guarantee not to lose much!

That *Square over the Fate Line* is sort of an insurance against losing your wad and going broke. And if I was going to play fast and loose with the Wolves of Wall Street—that's the kind of insurance I'd like the most of!

It's the kind that ought to be popular with a lot of people for a good long time, now!

Mayme the manicurist

WHAT JAW-BONES TELL

(©: 1930: by News Syndicate Co., Inc.)

I'm supposed to have a new assistant around here—and look what the morning breeze blew in!

Anybody that wants assistance needn't look for it from one of these slanting jawbones, with no depth below the ear. Dollars to doughnuts by tomorrow this Cutie will have all the men runnin' errands for her, while they admire her feminine helplessness—and I do her work. All the assistance I'll get will be having somebody help me reach for tips.

Mayme the manicurist

WHAT POINTED EARS INDICATE

(©: 1930: by News Syndicate Co., Inc.

Meet the boy-friend! Ever since the Talkies became Singies, them two seats in the rear of the balcony, that we had all wore down to fit us, have been harboring a coupla other love-birds. The B. F. says he can't stand the noise—what with everybody boop-de-ooping and breaking into a rash of high C's and low throaty gargles every time they can—and quite a few times when they can't!

Still, the boy's the kind that wouldn't like it—even if it was good! You know. Kinda dumb? and a little deaf? He's got pointed ears that lay close to his head—and that ain't exactly what you'd call an ear for music!

Mayme the manicurist

DO YOU KNOW YOUR HAND?

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I'd just like to know if the young man who slipped the diamond ring on that tiny third finger knew he was signing up with a new Boss—for life! The tinier the hand—the more she wants to rule! If he can give her a big estate to run—everybody will be happy. But if she has to expend all that governing instinct on one man—Boy! How he'll step around.

MAYME, the Manicurist.